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Cadenza

• E. J. Neely

THE WHITE cotton gloves hung limply from the safety pin fastening them to the ring of the window shade cord. Melos had been watching them for almost an hour, wishing them to move in a breeze and dry. But there was no breeze, and there was no warmth — just the thick fog outside, and the smell of train smoke and the dampness of the fog inside.

From the bed she could see the chair and the desk and a corner of the ebony grand piano in the room beyond, all glowing warm brown in the dim light cast upon them from the hall transom. It was a very ordinary room now. Until five o'clock the previous evening it had been her studio, the accumulated result of twenty years' work.

At five o'clock the previous evening, as her last pupil was putting on her coat to leave, the newspaper struck the hall door with a thud. On the front page she read that Greg would arrive in the Marlboro station at six-forty the next morning, and would speak briefly from the platform of the train. She washed the gloves then.

Her first thought had been that Greg would hate it, not the speaking, for that came as natural as sleeping to him, but the getting up before dawn — unless he'd changed. She knew he'd rarely seen a sunrise, that probably the first one he had seen was at the CCC camp so long ago, and it must have been a shock to him. A trace of a smile

toyed with her face, lifting the slight droop of facial muscles. She could see him lazily yawning while he talked from the train platform. Then her smile faded. The Governor wouldn't yawn during a speech. She felt the dampness of the room then, and pulled the cover up around her shoulders.

Her thoughts of Greg usually placed him on her front steps — not these steps in the apartment building where soot rolled around the entrance and blew up the stairs every time the street door was opened, but on the broad cement steps of her home. Greg never sat on one step. He sat on all of them with his long legs stretched out and his arms limp. That had been on weekends, when she was home from the conservatory, fall weekends, when her father's orchards hung low with ripe apples. There would be Greg, sprawled on the steps with an apple in his hand and others bulging from his pockets. He'd always seemed to have more pockets than the other boys she knew. He would be waiting for her there instead of walking the mile down to the station to meet her. She could see him with his teeth set in a firm apple — Greg, who would take the apple from this mouth at the first sight of her and give her the grin, "the Grimace" of lips stretched tight over teeth that had been their special greeting since childhood; it said that all was well with their worlds.

She could see him hold the apple

in his teeth and remove his shoe and refold the soiled square of cardboard to cover a hole in the sole. That had been 1933, and shoe soles cost thirty-cents. She would tell him to go get his shoes repaired, and he would answer that if he had thirty cents, he'd retire, and she'd ask, retire from what, loafing? He'd raise up on one elbow and tease her about wasting her youth, about practising long hours when she could be walking through the orchards with him. The youthful voices slipped into the room:

"Haven't you learned enough music yet?"

"The only thing wrong with you, Gregory Sample, is that you have no ambition."

"That's about the sum of it, Mel. All I want ever is to be happy."

That had been long ago. When exactly had she seen him last, to talk with him? He had gazed soberly at her from the newspapers and television many times. Gradually that last time came back, drawn from a corner of her mind where she had placed it and plugged it so that it wouldn't slip out every time she saw a bright-haired boy gnawing an apple: she had had weekend guests, a pianist from Chicago, and a girl from the conservatory. Greg had come in overalls, blackened with grease and coal soot, to tell her he had started to work in the shops. She was ashamed of him and he hadn't stayed long. After she returned to the conservatory, he sent her a book on music. She could see it from the bed, since it had a special place on the corner of the piano. On the cover sheet he had written, "May your ambitions bring you happiness, too."

And he had gone such a long way from there — to CCC camp and

dug a highway — from CCC to the Governor's mansion, from 1935 to 1958, with a war record to be proud of and some college snatched in between. Certainly Greg had shown no desire for public life. Certainly he had had no ambition for fame; yet it had come, as the summit of the mountain comes to the man who walks for the joy of walking, while those who laboriously climb to make the top often fail from the sheer effort of their work. She would soon know if his ambition had been achieved. If happiness had come to him from wealth and fame, then it had. To herself, of herself, up until five o'clock the previous evening, there would have been no question.

True, she had no fame. She wasn't good enough. She'd been told down the line by one who knew, her instructor, "You either have to be born with the talent, or you have to gain it through a driving urge. Your urge isn't strong enough (he didn't comment on her talent, she recalled wryly); it was in the beginning, but now you're satisfied with your classes, and the time you should use on your own career, you're spending on your pupils."

Still, she continued to do so. There was no particular place where she could remember standing still and saying, "I can do more this way"; yet, that had entered into her life. Now it sounded like an excuse for failing.

Lying there, with the damp sheet held tightly against her chin, Melos faced her career. If success meant being what one started out to be, then certainly she hadn't reached her goal. She had taught for a while at the conservatory where she had studied, and had come home during her father's illness. After his death she had sold the house because she

couldn't afford to keep it. Greg had been long gone then; still she stayed on in Marlboro. She taught piano and music appreciation. Her pupils were adults who never had time or money to learn music. Her classes were small, and she wished to keep them so, since the results were better. Her earnings were therefore small.

At five-thirty the gloves were still wet and the floor cold under her feet. She lighted the gas heater and hung the gloves from a coat hanger on the bracket above the stove. She pulled her best suit from the closet, brushed it, and went to the kitchen to make coffee.

At six-fifteen she was ready to walk down the hill to the station. Her hands were moist in the warm gloves. There was one wisp of hair that kept slipping out from under her hat; it was the hat with the tall egret feather, which did more for her face than any of the others she had tried on in the moments of indecision. Her gabardine suit had a worn shiny look, and the cuffs were frayed, but they didn't show when she wore the gloves. She folded a handkerchief into the palm of her left hand for protection against the black soot on the stair bannister. When she opened the outside door, soot blew over her face and into her eyes. There was just the faintest suggestion of day breaking through the fog.

The street lights still glowed and the rooftops were white with early frost. She could see the station at the bottom of the hill: the canopy which stretched over the tracks was peppered with holes, and flecks of light showed through it, like pins on a black map. She had always thought the station such a dismal

one to come home to, and now it seemed especially so, dwarfed by the white of the new Post Office. She had loved the old Wylie Hotel which stood three impressive stories of dirty red paint above the station, with three balconies no one ever used unless a celebrity came through on the train. She recalled how she and Greg had stood on one of the balconies, as small children with their mothers, when the car bearing the dignified remains of President Harding passed through. Of that day she particularly remembered how thrilled Greg had been to see the flag flying at half-mast from the old Post Office that had gone at the same time the Wylie Hotel was razed.

She laughed a little to herself as she opened the station door; in the beginning a carpenter had placed the hinges on the wrong side, and ever afterward the door opened exactly the opposite way people expected it to open. She saw the rows of benches and the round stove the porter polished with newspapers left by the travelers, and beyond the stove, the ticket agent's window. She couldn't remember ever seeing a cheerful face in the station. Perhaps it had been that complete absence of paint, and the persistence of soot on the benches and walls and windows and the floor that were so depressing to all who waited there, or perhaps there was something about leaving so dismal a place to go somewhere else in the world that made people leave despondently.

A small group had gathered at the gate — a handful of travelers with luggage, and the crew, which changed there. She joined the larger group which lined the picket fence and spread up over the steps of the

new Post Office. These were the people who had come to hear Greg: boys and girls in sweaters, businessmen and women in their neat suits, shopmen in overalls, and a scattering of housewives with small children. Inside the fence near the rails stood the city officials. She looked into the faces around her. He hasn't any people of his own, she thought; yet, it wasn't exactly a homecoming; it was more of a passing through, a little the way he had come into her own life and gone out again.

She moved closer to the picket fence as the whistle shrilled for the 12th Street crossing. The train moved around the bend into her sight, at first a toy which grew immense and roared past her. She was carried along with the crowd as it pushed toward the end of the train. When she was opposite the rear platform, she grabbed a picket with both hands and hung on to keep her place there. The officials greeted him. He stood against the rail of the platform, leaning down now and then to shake a hand, while his eyes searched through the crowd behind the pickets. She watched him seeking through the faces as he talked; then, as the train began to move slowly, she saw the smile fade from his face and a tiredness settle over

it. Suddenly it seemed terribly important for Greg to see her, not just for her to see him, and she waved frantically with both white gloved hands and caught his eyes. He gave her the grin of lips stretched tight over teeth, and she grimaced back that all was well with her world, too. She held the picket with both hands and watched the train slip away.

As she walked up the hill to her apartment, she could see the sun breaking through the heavy sky. She loved best to teach on clear days when she could see the mountains. The apartment was warm from the gas heater. The rays of the dim sun picked out the dust on the piano. As she wiped over the smooth surface with a cloth, she noticed, on the table beside the door, the white gloves, still curved from her grip on the picket, and stained with soot and rust. It was then, as she walked over to pick them up and wash them again, that she saw the telegram sticking out under the corner of the rug.

"Mel," the telegram read, "I'm going through on the morning train stop if you give me the old grimace stop I'll be back this weekend stop Greg."

Woman at the Well

● Raymond Roseliep

I felt a need for smaller vessels
to fill me with their heady awe
— until I found this larger ocean
from Which to draw.

Auden's City of God

● Sister Bernetta Quinn, O.S.F.

AUDEN as a poet is not overly given to images. His verse is a music of the mind, a concord and/or dissonance (in the Bartok sense) of abstractions enlivened by barely enough concrete reference to insure their residence in this world of phenomena. His leading charm is as a disciple of the Saint Cecilia he celebrates in one of his lyrics, and it is indeed a pity that his work is not set to music, in the Elizabethan manner. One image, however, is fairly predominant in Auden, that of the Just City, an image familiar to readers of the Old Testament and given great splendor by early doctors of the Christian Church, chief among them Saint Augustine.

In his introduction to the fourth volume of *Poets of the English Language*, Auden says: "Certain images present themselves charged with more effect than a rational inspection can account for. Such an image is a symbol." His own use of the Just City falls under this description.

That which differentiates symbol from allegory, in Auden's view, is the fact that the nature of symbol precludes a one-to-one correspondence, whereas allegory (as in Bunyan) admits of such limitation. The reference of a symbol, however, is not unlimited: much of its meaning is constant, derived from the analogies present in reality itself, relationships drawn upon by the Church in her liturgy. Certain objects are "hierophanies," or manifestations of the permanent behind the apparent. As an example, the Just City, may, when it occurs in Scripture, be taken to mean Jerusalem itself, or the moral state of the just soul, or the community of militant Christians, or finally the heavenly Bride of Christ. The connection among these four senses (literal, allegorical, tropological, anagogical) depends upon analogy.

Saint Bonaventure's use of *imago*, the Latin term from which image derives, may make this analogical nature of images somewhat clearer. An image, to Saint Bonaventure, is a conscious sign. Jerusalem in the third sense given above (tropological) is a union of souls living in grace; as such, each soul not only mirrors his Creator but is a conscious image of Him, an advance over Bonaventure's first division of creation — the vestige, which reflects the Divine Essence without being aware of so doing. This quality of consciousness is also present in the other three senses, all four being linked together by their resemblances.

One must, however, be sure not to take analogies for identities. If they are so understood (or misunderstood), tyranny results, as when a state is operated as if it were a poem; or madness, as in the case of Don Quixote, who confused windmills with giants. Narcissus is the supreme example of someone who fell into this error — the archetype, as Auden calls him, of the poet who loses his soul for poetry. Poetry, moreover, is not painting, nor

music, nor as Narcissus thought life itself. Although the structure of life is analogous to the structure of poetry, poetry and reality are distinct. Wallace Stevens has some fascinating nuances of this idea in his essay "The Realm of Resemblance," in which he too distinguishes between analogy and identity.

Like recent, and patristic, exegetes who interpret the history of man by means of typology, Auden regards historical events as unique, related by analogy, in contrast to natural events, which are recurrent and related by the principle of identity. The metaphor that Auden chooses for figures of history as symbols is that of the isomorph, a term borrowed from chemistry. In his own words, "Each life is, to use a chemical metaphor, an isomorph of a general human life."

The Incarnate Word is to be considered one term for each of these isomorphs. To Auden as to Saint Bonaventure, Christ is the minor term in any analogical reasoning about this finite world. The change in interpreting reality wrought by the coming of Christ is to some extent explained by Auden in Simeon's Meditation, a part of his Christmas oratorio *For the Time Being*. Simeon in his dialog with the Chorus says that only the Christ Child is in no sense a symbol; His existence gives all other existences their proper value.

W. H. Auden has dramatically called our attention to several isomorphs who have at least tried to build the Just City—in their rage for order if nothing else. Among these are Dante, Blake, Melville, Freud, Henry James, Rilke, Yeats. To this list might be added the fictional Sherlock Holmes, Inspector French, and Father Brown, who have aided order by their detection of the forces corrupting it. On the other hand, certain symbolic figures are presented, usually as satiric portraits, who have knowingly or unwittingly opposed the Just City: Luther and Montaigne, Newton and Voltaire, Arnold and Housman. None is completely bad—indeed, human beings are never either completely good or evil—but each has somehow worked against the harmony of wills and that order of intellect which the City demands.

Places as well as characters can be both unique and typical. Actually, the term *isomorph* would be just as applicable to settings, such as the Just City, as persons. Auden often sees the spiritual diseases of his day in terms of cityscape. As Saint Augustine took Rome to symbolize the City of this World, so Auden can choose Brussels or New York, though at times he too uses Rome. For Auden as for Saint Augustine, the very existence of such a City implies that of its opposite, the *Civitas Dei*. In fact, Saint Augustine's vision of the antithesis between the Just and the Earthly Cities bears great similarity to Auden's. In the saint's approach, every man must belong to one or the other city—to Jerusalem, the "vision of peace," or to Babylon (Rome); and inclusion in either city is determined by whether a man seeks his last end on earth or in heaven. Like Augustine and unlike Dante, Auden tends to identify the City of Sin with Rome, the decadence of which he describes in "The Fall of Rome," a lyric from the collection *Nones*. But no one need cling to his "Roman" citizenship. The love of God and of neighbor, essential for entrance into the Authentic City, is within reach of all men.

In addition to Rome, New York, and Brussels, Auden singles out London, Dover, and Oxford for special development as city-symbols. He also transmutes this city-image to an island one in his lyric about the sunken city of Atlantis, an escape hidden in the sea (the symbolic opposite of the city) and sought for in vain by the traveler Man.

Regarding brotherhood as it now exists in the social order, Auden is under no delusion. The situation is far indeed from his utopian dream. Yet the poem "Memorial for the City" urges man to accept without despair the barbed-wire world of his present. It traces the religious and later secular City-image from the twelfth to the twentieth century, during which time the City changes from the New to the Sane to the Sinful to the Rational to the Glittering and then to the Conscious City. Finally it becomes the Abolished City. Auden in this lyric calls the human image Adam waiting for His city, the capitalization of His suggesting a fusion of the first and second Adam. He closes by having Human Weakness, speaker throughout the fourth section, denounce Metropolis, "that too-great city," and declare, "I shall rise again to hear her judged."

Many are the difficulties that will intervene, Auden is aware, before brotherhood flourishes in the Authentic City, which he visualizes in the future tense and not as Augustine does in the present where chaff and wheat exist together. About the coming of the desired City Auden parenthetically remarks in his poem "Winds":

(Across what brigs of dread,

Down what gloomy galleries must we stagger or crawl

Before we may cry — O look!?)

Although he admits that poetry makes nothing happen, this writer is far from resigned to life in the Unjust City of this world. The heroic image of today, he tells us in *The Enchafed Flood*, is the man who tries to renew the ruined walls of the City, who fits together the fragments he has shored from the general destruction. No poet writing in our times, not even the author of *The Waste Land*, has shown such concern with this task. Unlike totalitarian leaders, Auden sees that it is not to be accomplished magically, after the manner of Orpheus or Amphion, but with reverence for the free will of its living stones. He knows that the unity of "Jerusalem, which is built as a city that is in unity with itself," will not be imposed, will never spring from hate, but rather will be an effect of love, freely given and universal. The fortunate will have to rescue the luckless, as Auden himself demonstrated some years back in his aid to Dorothy Day's House of Hospitality; the strong will have to support the weak, so that eventually a community built up of mutually sustaining units will result.

Quite frequently Auden talks about a poem as if it were a city. One of the questions which interest him most when reading a poem is: "What kind of a guy inhabits this poem?" The verb in the question gives the clue to his comparison of poems and cities. In an essay on Yeats he refers to this political analogy in these words: "The social virtues of a real democracy are brotherhood and intelligence, and the parallel linguistic virtues are strength and clarity . . ." He becomes even more explicit in an article on Werner Jaeger's *Paideia*: "A beautiful poem, certainly, presents analogically, a picture of the Just City, in which every member is

happy to be in its place and obey the law, and every part serves the interests of the whole."

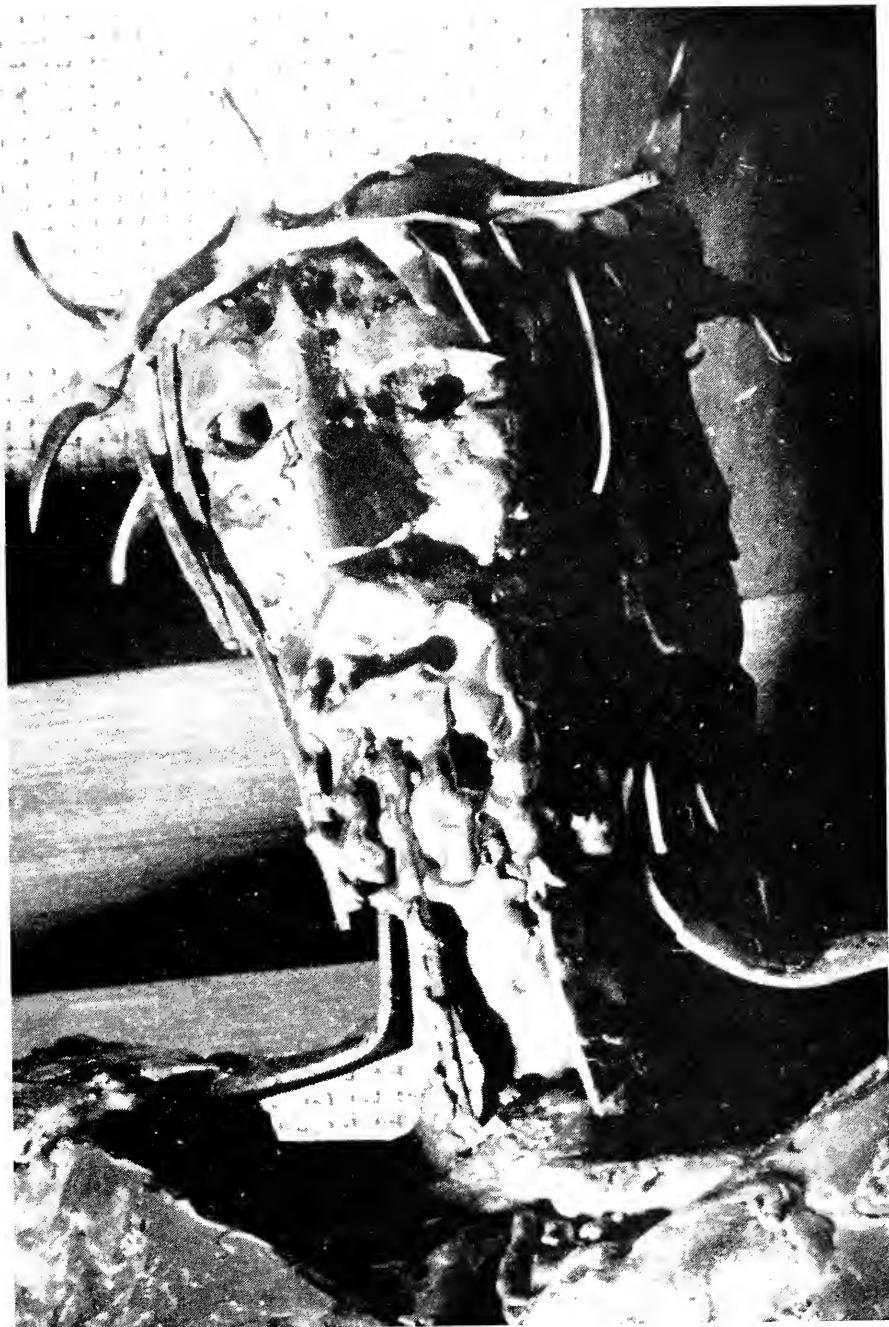
The analogy between the poem and the city must remain, however, just that — an analogy. When theorists like Plato begin regarding cities as if they were poems, the social scene creeps closer and closer to a resemblance of the unfreedom of Hell. Words have no free will; a poet may select whichever of them he prefers and eliminate the rest from his perfect community, the poem. But government, dealing with free human beings not innocent like words but tainted with original sin, is something quite different. In fact, as Auden declares in "Squares and Oblongs," a society which was really like a poem would be a nightmare of horror, based on selective breeding." These cautions are necessary, since in his desperation man may well rear the wrong kind of city. Auden's name for this wrong kind of city is Metropolis, described by him in a lyric of that name wherein the "medicine men" (statesmen) try to cure the ills of their sick fellow-citizens, but in vain.

The man of honor since Romanticism feels bound to leave the City, since he thinks an Authentic one is no longer possible; his destiny, like Captain Ahab's, lies out on the sea. For men who have retained faith, however, the Just City is possible. What will it be like? "As of people all rejoicing so is our habitation thee." (Psalm 86.) Its image, Auden tells us in *The Enchaféd Flood*, will be the oasis or rose garden, an interesting image of an image, in microcosm-macrocosm relationship. Relevant here is the *hortus* image of Paradise as used by medieval mystics. As Monroe K. Spears has remarked in a Kenyon essay on Auden's symbolism, if men love themselves an earthly city results, but if they love God and their neighbor as themselves a heavenly one results.

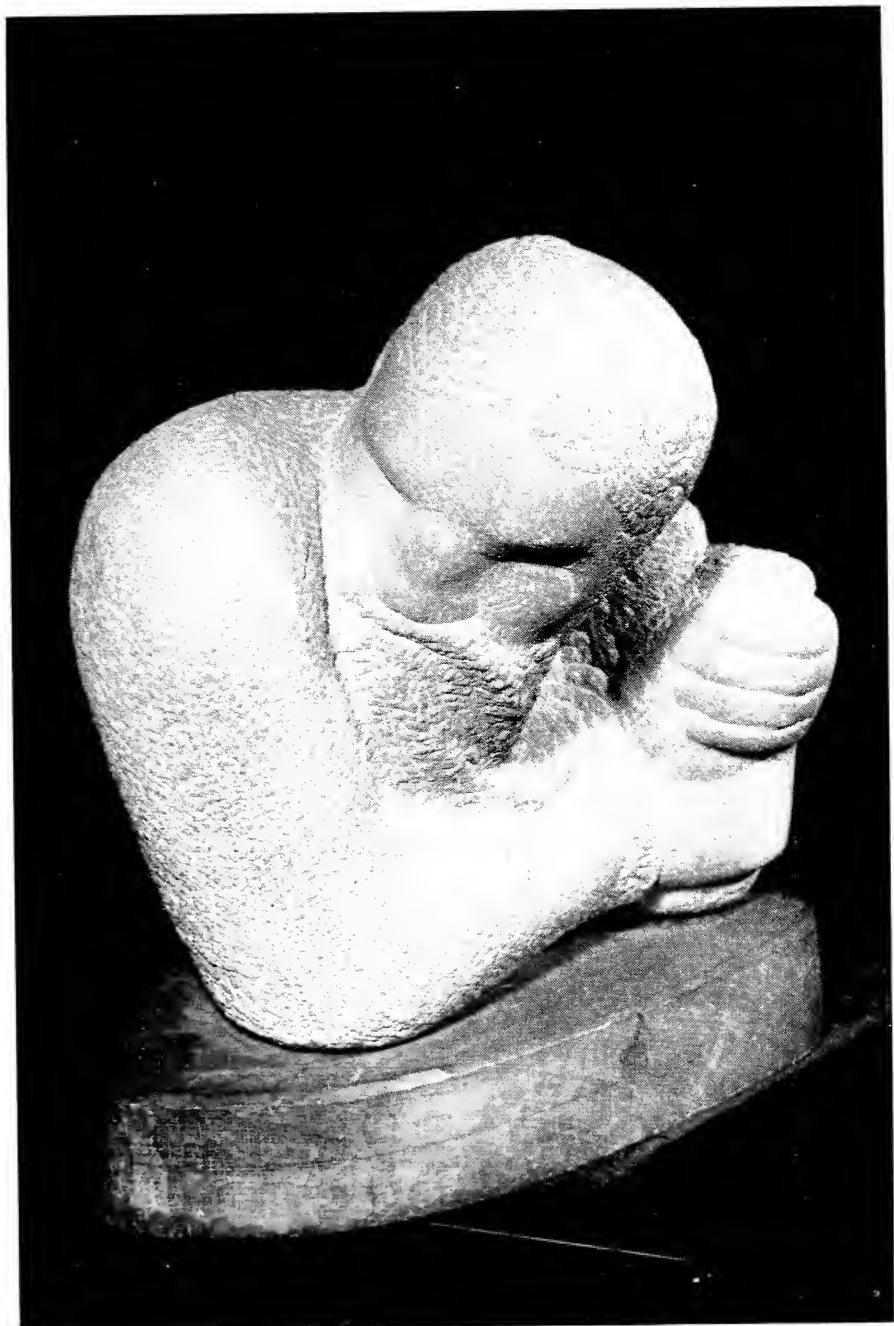
When the flowering of the City occurs, its laws will be those of the kingdom of Heaven, for if, as Auden says in *The Enchaféd Flood*, the moral law is to be rational, "there cannot be a kingdom of heaven whose values are completely other than the kingdom of this world." Wallace Stevens has in "The Realm of Resemblance" put this thought in the following words: "Is not the glory of the idea of any future state a relation between a present and a future glory? The brilliance of earth is the brilliance of every paradise."

As Auden tries in lyric after lyric to persuade modern man of the importance of love — the right kind of love — he continues to bring closer, in so far as poetry can, the advent of the Authentic City, which will find its counterpart in the eternal New Jerusalem.

VIRGIL D. CANTINI, Associate Professor of Art in the Henry Clay Frick Fine Arts Department at the University of Pittsburgh, centers his interest in developing enamel on metal and in welded metal sculpture. He received a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1957 and is included in the sculpture section of the 1958-59 International Art Exhibition, Carnegie Museum. ➤



ECCE HOMO by Virgil Cantini. Brazed copper, brass, and bronze.
Artist's Collection.



JUDAS, THE BETRAYER by Anthony J. Lauck, C.S.C. Limestone.
Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

La Muerte: Slow, Fast, or Only a Warning

● Marie Chay

MY MOTHER insisted that she would rather wash our clothes herself than have La Rosaria do them, but my father was just as insistent on having La Rosaria work for us. He told my mother that it was too much for her to wash clothes on a wash board and then wring them by hand, even if he did carry the water up to her from the well, but my mother wasn't fooled. She knew that he was just in one of his especially zealous missionary moods. When this happened, no one, our neighbors included, was safe from him.

"La Rosaria is only fast on the dance floor," my mother pointed out. "With laundry for five of us, one a baby, I can't wait around all day for her to wash clothes."

My father said that La Rosaria was an individualist and should be respected for it, and then ended by saying, "All she needs is to be trained. Show her what you want done and she'll do it. She just needs to be helped."

"Individualists like La Rosaria can't be trained," my mother answered. "Besides, she doesn't want our help. She's perfectly happy the

way she is."

My father, however, had long ago convinced himself that people were just waiting around to have the way pointed out to them. They would then follow it gratefully. He was the one always ready and anxious to point it out.

"I'd rather have María Juana," my mother said next. "She does better work and she does it faster."

"María Juana doesn't need help," my father answered. "La Rosaria will be just as good in time, you'll see."

"María Juana also comes when I want her to," my mother persisted, but again my father tossed that complaint aside by repeating that all La Rosaria needed was training.

My mother then brought up my older brother and me, saying that she would rather not have us around La Rosaria, who was full of horror stories and superstitions with which she not only frightened herself, but anyone near her as well. My mother said she had no need of such knowledge, that all she wanted was a competent laundress.

My father's answer to this was that my brother and I, who were



REVEREND ANTHONY LAUCK, C.S.C., is Professor of Sculpture at the University of Notre Dame. He designed the glass reredos in the chapel of the new Moreau Seminary at Notre Dame. It is perhaps the largest glass wall of its kind in the world.

trilingual, would merely improve our Spanish as well as our everyday knowledge by being around La Rosaria. "They know about Piedmont at home, they're studying about America every day at school, and they'll practice their Spanish in between all that," he said airily.

My mother could say no more, knowing that my father was even more of a fanatic on the subject of learning and knowledge than he was on that of being a missionary.

"If I could just be allowed to run my own house," my mother used to say. "Not the ranch, but just the house."

Most of the neighboring ranchers' wives near the mining camp of El Ganado where we had our tiny ranch envied my mother for having a husband so interested in the house and what went on there, but my mother wasn't so sure she was to be envied.

"If Mike could, he would swallow for us," my mother told these women. As it was, she and my older brother and I were only supervised in our swallowing. Our Spanish-American neighbors weren't much better off, especially when my father's do-good spirit was fully awakened.

Some of our neighbors attributed my father's zeal to his being a Piedmontese, but my mother said the country wasn't to blame because my father left there for America when he was sixteen.

"It isn't America's fault either," my mother would always add.

My mother had gone through many of these do-gooder sieges of my father's, so that when he became obsessed with helping La Rosaria that spring, she took it as just another attack of the virus.

La Rosaria had no particular family, but only a complicated maze of

second and third cousins, two or three times removed, many of whom she had never seen, but to all of whom she was clannishly attached.

"The daughter of my sainted mother's departed cousin is going to be married next week," she announced to us proudly one day. Another time she confided to us with many lugubrious sighs that her mother's great aunt, a lively old lady of almost ninety, was not as well as she had once been.

Unlike the rest of our neighbors, La Rosaria had no last name or at least none that anyone remembered. No one even bothered to use the *Doña* before her first name. That was only for the respectable women, those who were married, and the ones in this group looked on her with pity tinged with a little condescension. "That poor nothing of a Rosaria," they said to each other.

When she was about thirty-five, La Rosaria had gladly gone to live with Don Andrea, a worthless, lazy man, handsome and easy-going who had wasted his inheritance until now he had only the family's old adobe house and a small piece of land left. In exchange for his home and protection, he gladly let La Rosaria go out to work scrubbing floors and washing and ironing in order to support him.

"But he is a *caballero*," La Rosaria always said grandly whenever anyone said anything against him. "A descendant of the conquistadores, you know. It is a privilege for me to live with him."

If anyone said anything more, she always had the same answer. "Do you think I would permit a *caballero* like Don Andrea to work?" she would ask in amazement. "For me, it is different. I am nothing. But for him, never."

La Rosaria laughed and danced around our kitchen, clapping her hands, when she was told she was to be our laundress. "Ah, now I have a gringo family to belong to, Don Miguel!" she said, smiling at my father and mother. "From now on, I am yours, Doña Laura, one of your family."

"That's right. So you will be," my mother said graciously.

"True, true," my father said heartily.

"Well, then, tomorrow?" my mother said to La Rosaria.

"Tomorrow," La Rosaria agreed instantly.

"At seven?"

"Tomorrow."

"Seven? Or is eight better for you?" my mother asked.

"Mañana, Doña Laura," La Rosaria said pleasantly. "Mañana," and went skipping off toward her home.

The next afternoon at three, La Rosaria came sauntering in to our kitchen, ready for work.

"I thought you were to come this morning," my mother said to her.

"No, I came now, Doña Laura."

Before my mother could say anymore, La Rosaria went out into our back yard, made a little square with some old bricks, built a fire inside and set a tub of water on it. As she waited, she swished a bar of Fels-Naphtha soap around and around. When the water was warm, she took the tub off the fire, put in some white clothes, took off her ragged tennis shoes, twisted up her long full skirts until they came only above her calves, and then stepped in the tub.

For a half hour or so, she walked around and around the tub, then she took little skips and hops as though dancing, and when that became monotonous, she "cut" the tub into wedges as though she were cut-

ting a pie, concentrating furiously to get the "pieces" just right.

By six o'clock all our laundry, white and colored, was on the line, and La Rosaria was on her way up the mountain trail to Don Andrea's adobe house.

"During the summer it's one thing," my mother told my father, "but in the winter . . ."

"Oh, you'll have her trained by then," he assured her.

"Not in that short a time, not La Rosaria," my mother said, sounding glum.

A week or two later, as La Rosaria was washing both her feet and our clothes, my brother and I were playing out in the yard. I was strutting around, opening and closing a small red, white, and blue parasol I had just received for my birthday. La Rosaria watched me carefully, and when I started to go into the house, the parasol wide open, she shouted to me. "Don't ever open an umbrella in the house," she told me sternly. "And don't go in with one open," she added, seeing that I was about to protest. "Don't you know that that is worse luck than breaking a mirror?"

"But this isn't an umbrella," I said, giving my brother a quick look.

"This is a parasol," my brother said, looking at La Rosaria. "See, *para sol* — for the sun," he explained to her in Spanish with a certain amount of condescension. Besides being trilingual, we were then in the third grade and we had been disturbed for some time by the fear that very soon there would be nothing left in the world for us to learn.

"Yes," I said, "*para sol*, not an umbrella. Umbrellas are for rain."

"For the sun or for the rain, it's all the same," La Rosaria muttered sullenly and went on stamping the

tub full of clothes. "In the house, open, they don't go."

With a long, fluttery sigh, I turned and gave my brother a look full of weariness, and he returned one twice as weary. I then closed the parasol and went into the house. There, I opened it cautiously, waited a few anxious moments and, when nothing happened, I closed it, put it on a table and came out to the yard again.

Though I wanted to, I didn't brag about what I had just done with no terrifying results, for La Rosaria was full of so many strange and fascinating ideas that I wanted to hear more of them. To soothe her, I asked very respectfully what other things there were that one should not do.

"Priests, cats, and women should never go in a mine," she said promptly, glad to be of use again. "They bring bad luck and no miner would ever again enter the mine. If he did, no one knows what misfortunes would be his, his family's — even his cousins' and aunts' and uncles'."

My brother and I looked at each other, fascinated with the idea of how far-reaching were the results of one false move. Each of us thought of the mine at El Ganado, but we also knew from experience that there was always a guard near the entrance.

Still, some of La Rosaria's other superstitions could be more easily tested. Counting the cars in a freight train wasn't impossible because one came to El Ganado and left there each week. One was empty and one full, but counting either one meant a death in the family.

"In time," La Rosaria told us solemnly. "Not right away."

If we were impatient for death,

then counting a funeral procession was certain to bring it. If we merely wanted to be warned ahead of time that a death was coming, we had only to hear a dog howl three nights in succession at our door, and there was our warning.

"That wouldn't be our fault, though, Rosaria," my brother who was logical pointed out to her.

"Then chase him away. Let him go howl at someone else's door," she said callously.

My brother thought this over a moment and then said, "But then that wouldn't have been a warning in the first place, so no one would have to die."

La Rosaria looked at him without understanding. "He started to howl, didn't he?"

"Yes, but then you said to chase him away."

"Of course! Unless you want someone in your family to die."

My brother, now as confused as La Rosaria, gave up.

One day an unusually long funeral procession was passing by our adobe house. My brother and I were sitting in a window seat, absorbed in counting the number of cars, buggies, and horseback riders there were in it. Just then, La Rosaria came into the house for something. She stopped and looked at us with her mouth open and her eyes wide.

"What is wrong with gringos, anyway?" she finally said angrily. "Don't you know that someone in your family will be sure to die when you do that? This is much worse than counting freight cars," she scolded us. "Much, much worse."

Seeing La Rosaria so upset made my brother and me panicky. I would have run away except that she held me firmly by the arm. "Will I die now?" I asked, my voice half suf-

focated.

"No, not you," La Rosaria answered irritably and with evident disappointment. "Nor you either," she said to my brother with equal regret. "Someone in your family which is my family too now," she said, crossing herself and looking more worried.

"But we were the ones who counted the cars," my brother said, pretending to be brave.

"It won't happen to you," La Rosaria said stubbornly, "but to someone in your family. That is the way God punishes."

I thought this not only unjust but also vindictive of God, and I said so to La Rosaria in my terror. She looked at me, now completely unstrung, then glanced quickly around her and ran back to her washtub. As she ran, she put her hands over her ears and moaned, "Ah, what will come to this family because of those two! And I a part of it!"

My brother and I looked at each other, worried; then we started to look for our mother, but before we had gone far, we both stopped. We couldn't tell her what sadness we were about to cause. It was bad enough for us to know. We would just let her have peace for a little longer. Besides, it wasn't her fault. In the meantime, we waited anxiously for death to pick on our family.

"Which one do you think it will be?" my brother asked me a few days later, looking miserable.

"I don't know," I answered.

"Which one would you choose then?"

I shook my head, hardly able to keep from crying. I didn't want our father to die, nor our mother either. Who would take care of us then? Our younger brother was only a baby, so if they died, how could

I take care of him? Besides, I thought it very cruel if he were to be the one chosen to die. He was only a few months old. Why should he be blamed for what his brother and sister had done?

My brother's thoughts had, apparently, been more or less like mine because I heard him say, trying to be brave, "I'll take care of the three of us. I'm the man." But I knew that on women fell the burden of the family because La Rosaria had said so.

Each day my brother and I began to make dozens of inquiries about the health of our parents and of our younger brother. If our parents said they were tired, or if our baby brother cried, we knew that one of the three was marked, perhaps all three, and we looked at each other in despair.

My brother began to have frightful nightmares in which, he told me, our parents, our younger brother, and even I were being snatched from him. As we were dragged away, he ran after us to bring us back, but he could never reach us and soon we were out of sight.

Probably because of my brother's suggestion, I, too, began to have nightmares, so that each night my mother had to get up to comfort us, but no matter how carefully, though casually, she questioned us the next day on what we had seen or done while we played, we said nothing about La Rosaria nor how we had defied God in so many ways. That knowledge, we were determined to spare her. We would suffer as martyrs should — guilty ones at that.

My brother and I both began to lose weight and we became so nervous and irritable that it was hard to live with us. I began to quarrel with my brother over everything,

and with no provocation whatever, I would burst out crying, usually to sob until I fell asleep under an apple tree, only to wake up, shaken, from a bad dream.

Finally, as several weeks went by with nothing happening to our family, my brother and I began to be a little less fearful and concerned about them.

"See, nothing happened when we counted the funeral cars. No one died," I said to La Rosaria one day, starting out what I said as a taunt but ending up sounding very timid.

"You wait," she threatened, crossing herself and making me feel afraid again. "*La Muerte* will come."

"But you said it would happen right away," I reminded her a little shakily.

"Just wait," La Rosaria said, an ugly sound in her voice, and then gave me a half leering smile. Just then, she looked up and saw my mother looking at us from the kitchen doorway. With a motion of her head in my direction for me to be off, La Rosaria turned industriously to her tub again.

When my father came in for lunch, my mother detained him on the back porch. "I think I know what's been bothering Louisa and Mike," I heard her say to him. I quickly called my brother who was in the dining room and together we listened.

"La Rosaria's been talking to them," we heard our mother say, and the concern in her voice bothered us.

"Talking to them?" our father said in a puzzled voice as he changed his heavy shoes for house slippers. "You mean those superstitions of hers?"

My brother and I looked at each other, not knowing how to react.

"They're not educational this

time," we heard our mother say in a firm tone and one which, we knew, our father had learned to respect. "I only heard a little today and a little the other day, but I can imagine the rest."

My father came into the kitchen, looking thoughtful and then he looked at my mother for help as he always did when things got really serious. "Should we let her go?" he asked, tentatively.

"We're certainly not keeping her. Reforming La Rosaria isn't up to us, but looking after our family is. I'll tell her this afternoon."

I looked at my brother and knew he was feeling the same relief as well as disappointment that I felt.

When La Rosaria was through with her work, she came in the kitchen as usual for something to eat and to wait for my mother to pay her. My mother began by praising La Rosaria's work. If La Rosaria ever needed a recommendation, my mother would only be too glad to give it to her. "This is the last time you will wash for us," my mother then said after this praise.

My mother gave La Rosaria her week's pay, plus pay for two extra weeks. La Rosaria took it happily and thanked her. "But I shall be back next week," she assured my mother. "You are my family now and I belong to you."

My mother again explained carefully that La Rosaria's services were no longer wanted, but La Rosaria brushed all such explanations aside with the assurance that my mother need not worry that she would fail her. She would be back the following week to do our laundry. That was certain. Doña Laura needn't worry. Doña Laura's family was hers.

My mother again repeated that

this was La Rosaria's last time washing clothes for us, and as La Rosaria left she again told my mother not to worry. She would be back.

The following week at about eleven this time, La Rosaria was at our house again. My mother forbade my brother and me to stay around her, giving the excuse that we were bothering our laundress, but though we were a little afraid of La Rosaria, we were also attracted, and so we couldn't help but go near her several times while she was working.

That evening, when it was time for La Rosaria to go home, my father came to pay her off. He paid her the week's wage and then told her that he was giving her two extra weeks' wages, but that she was not to do our washing any more.

La Rosaria was delighted with this windfall. "Ah, what a rich family I belong to, Don Miguel," she said, her face one big smile. "Never will I leave you."

All my father's sternness had no more effect than had my mother's flattery and cajolery. The following week La Rosaria was back.

"There is no work for you to do, Rosaria," my mother said to her, slowly and very firmly. "We will not need you any more."

"Then I will come later in the week," La Rosaria said, paddling off.

"Oh, if something would only happen," my mother said impatiently. Hearing her, my brother and I were panic stricken.

"Well, at least school will begin in two weeks," my father said with a glance at my brother and me.

"Still, I wish we could think of something," my mother answered. "We've just got to."

Early one morning a few days later, I was awakened by a commo-

tion in our kitchen. Above it all, I could hear my mother's calm tones cutting in on La Rosaria's shrill ones.

All at once, the disturbing fears I had suffered all summer came over me in a rush and I felt more alone than I ever had before. I hurried to the kitchen, and there was La Rosaria dressed in exaggerated mourning. A long, full widow's veil, torn in several places, was hanging crazily over her head. A shabby, rusty black dress, with an enormous black bow, dropped from her shoulders and came to rest at an uneven line on her instep.

I could see that my mother was all right, but how about my brothers and my father? I looked around terrified. My mother guessed what was in my mind and said quietly, "They're all right."

I half staggered over to her chair and leaned against her. My mother took me on her lap and then turned her attention to La Rosaria again.

La Rosaria's eyes were red and swollen. Her fat, full face seemed to be all spread out, ridges and little valleys gone as though, being made of wax, and heat having come too close, it had not exactly melted but had slowly sagged, losing its clearly defined shape and outline.

My brother had now come sleepily into the kitchen, and La Rosaria gave him a hard look. "It's all your fault," she said to us, sniffling and mopping her eyes with a huge white handkerchief edged with a broad band of black. "I work hard, I go to church, I harm no one, and now this."

Three months before, La Rosaria told her after some prodding, I had tried to walk into the house with an open umbrella. Fortunately, she had stopped me. "Parasol or umbrella, it's all the same," she added, remem-

bering my brother's definition the day of the incident.

Then a dog had howled three or four nights in succession at our door, and we had done nothing about it. La Rosaria pointed stiffly at my brother. "He told me so," she said as though bringing in a witness.

My brother and I had also counted freight cars, she went on, and we had even bragged about it to her. As if all this were not enough, she had then caught us counting the vehicles in a funeral procession. "That," La Rosaria said somberly, "was what did it. And now it happened as it was only natural that it should," she said, crying again.

"But what has happened?" my mother asked her, a little exasperated.

"*La Muerte!*"

"Don Andrea?"

"Ah, fortunately not he," La Rosaria said crossing herself fearfully. "At least not yet. A second cousin of my mother," she said sighing. "Word has just come. Why it was, no one knows. So well and strong and now dead." She looked at me with extreme distaste mixed with fear. "Witch!" she muttered.

I slipped off my mother's lap and stood behind her chair. My mother tried to distract La Rosaria's attention from me by inquiring sympathetically whether this second cousin of her mother was one of the many whom my mother had met when they were visiting La Rosaria.

"No," La Rosaria answered, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand now. "Six children he had and all orphans now, all because of them," with a look in my brother's and my direction. "Oh, if he had only lived until next month!" La Rosaria cried out. "What a birthday party we were going to have

for him! What plans we were making! And I would have met him, but now it is all over."

My mother asked how old the cousin would have been on his birthday, and when La Rosaria said eighty, she sat up straight, her face thoughtful, and concentrated on the problem before her.

"Rosaria," my mother began after a few moments, "if those two," motioning to my brother and me with her head to minimize the relationship to herself, "if those two are the ones who counted the cars in the funeral procession and in the string of freight cars, and if it was on our doorstep that the dog howled, surely that would not have caused the death of your mother's second cousin. The death should have been in our family," my mother said slowly.

La Rosaria stared at my mother a little dazed for a moment as she tried to follow my mother's line of thought. Her lips moved as she repeated what my mother had just said. She held the tip of her nose in her fingers as she studied this reasoning from every angle. After a few moments, a look of great discovery came into her eyes and face. "You forget, Doña Laura," she said haughtily to my mother, "that I work for you. I belong to you. I am of your family. Then how can He tell the difference?"

My mother nodded soberly as though giving the idea the attention it deserved. "Ah, such an unlucky family to belong to!" she said with a sad shake of her head. "Who knows who will be next?"

La Rosaria looked at her with misgivings. I gave my brother a frightened look, but just then our mother turned around and held our hands tightly for a moment. La Rosaria shook herself and then looked

around the kitchen surreptitiously. "Ay de mi!" she said softly. "Why did I ever belong to such a family? Not you and Don Miguel, Doña Laura," she said in explanation, "but those two," with a curt nod at my brother and me.

"Still, you needn't be cursed, Rosaria," my mother said. "Don Miguel and I . . . well, that's different, but you have Don Andrea to think of."

La Rosaria nodded quickly. "You are right, Doña Laura. I don't have just myself to think of." She drew herself up and looked at my mother with pity. "Two of them," she said, shaking her head. "I go now, Doña Laura," she said with grandeur, trying not to show her fear. "Perhaps you can find another laundress," she added, sounding dubious. "From now on," she said to mother firmly, leaning forward and looking at her solemnly, "we are no longer of one family. I no longer belong to you, and you and Don Miguel no longer belong to me. We are nothing to one another," she said firmly, moving her hands energetically before her in a gesture of finality. "Noth-

ing at all, Don Miguel," she said to my father who had just come in.

With her face upturned, she looked up at heaven quickly, closed her eyes tightly, crossed her arms on her breast, and murmured in a placating voice, "May such a mistake never again happen to me!"

Turning quickly, she ran out of our house and went home, never again to wash our clothes.

My brother and I, not sure how we felt, watched La Rosaria as she hurried down the road. "Nothing will happen now?" I said to my mother, wanting to be reassured.

"Nothing at all," my mother answered cheerfully and, glancing at my father, added, "except that now we'll have María Juana do our laundry—in the morning, early."

"Well, I'll go and tell her then," my father said in a brisk way.

"That she's to do our laundry," my mother reminded him, alerted by his manner.

"Of course, of course!" my father answered in an absentminded way, and as he hurried off, we knew that he scarcely saw we were there.

Daughter

● John A. Lynch

This splendid troupe
All legs arms and
Dangling golden hair
Brown on the play-gym
Swings between see-saw
And bar dives flies and
Hangs by her heels to
Stare a sudden clover
In its silver eye.

No Matter How Quietly You Go

● Robert Lewis Weeks

Touch — I often told the boy —
Renders purity obscene
(Impure, if you like the word better).
You may do a standing broadjump
Or a high Hungarian dance
With a thump of golden heels
And a wild tambourine to entrance
(Mind you, a difficult thing
Even with rings in your ears);
You may play a Chopin Polonaise
(With several years practice)
On a piano polished for days.

But you can't walk across snow
And leave it perfectly pure,
No matter how quietly you go.
(I'm not really obscure!)

But the boy tried it once.
He started from the bedroom window.
Walked tightrope the back fence to the alley,
Mounted the higher one in the next lot,
And tried to balance himself down the block
Without putting a print in the snow.

It didn't work, of course.
About the middle of the fence
He lost his balance,
Tottered for an eternity,
And fell like a sack of flour
Puffing snow out ten yards around.
And he lay there laughing
And thrashing about,
Trying to get up.

The up-shot of it all?
In the middle of the snow
A hole as big as an explosion
And footprints everywhere in sight.
He had tried to cross the snow
And leave it perfectly white.

If he had merely walked on it,
His feet had left only patterned prints,
A kind of stanzaic rime
Alternately in the snow,
About the best we can do with purity:
We cannot leave it untouched;
We cannot touch it and leave it pure.
All we can do is leave a pattern
(Along with certain historical explanations:
Patterns of Decline, in a multiple volume set
By some eminent historian in the Pulitzer Prize emporium),
A pattern of our impurity

(Better call it *The Key to Purity's Wake*).
Leave some word, indeed,
For the future's sake,
Some explanation
Of the strange marks
In the strangely impure
Duration of eternity.

But please!
Be polite,
Be politic,
At least?

The question isn't academic;
It isn't obscure.
You can't cross the snow —
No matter how quietly you go —
And leave it perfectly pure.

Genesis of a Poem

• Sister M. Maura, S.S.N.D.

Poor verse, come down
from the corniced niche of the mind
where — aureoled in silence —
you are golden legend contraband.

Come down from your frost-grey arch
where gargoyle sun.
Take from pencilled varia,
chaste intention

from homely verity
of words. Come down,
Be the incredible affirmation
frailties importune.

Poem

● Joseph Beatty

I watched the child's small toy
Flung for flinging's sake deep to the pond,
(More strenuous than the throwing of bread bits to birds)
Puncturing small, but leaving distinct ripples for a time,
Finally, pushed by water's strength or its own,
Seeming to reach like hopes for the defined surface
Out of uncertain dwellings
And cling humbly along the water;
Saw the eager eyes from shore side
Hope for more possessions to chance,
Glad that he dented to the deep
And not merely pitched to skim and float,
Satisfied with the mark his strength had made,
Leaving waves like thought to reach and blend
And stir other waters.

Hand Blown Glass

● Cleon Marquis

Language is a stream that wends between the trees
And spans the green ravine where valleys began,
Snatching the gourd of sound from the tantrum breeze
Clanking link chains when Roman galleys ran
Down wind; stampede of hooves upon coulees;
Squeal of felloe on wagon caravan;
Thud, thud bongo and castanet; or knees
Like rusty hinges; and pipes of the plaided clan;
Babel of Druid men in grottoed nave;
Praising his cairn of love; raising his henge;
Ember plea or batwinged hagride round the skies;
Plane song or clavier, secret of the grave;
Sea wives crying where drowned men die, "Revenge,"
While Sound like glass runs into casts and dyes.



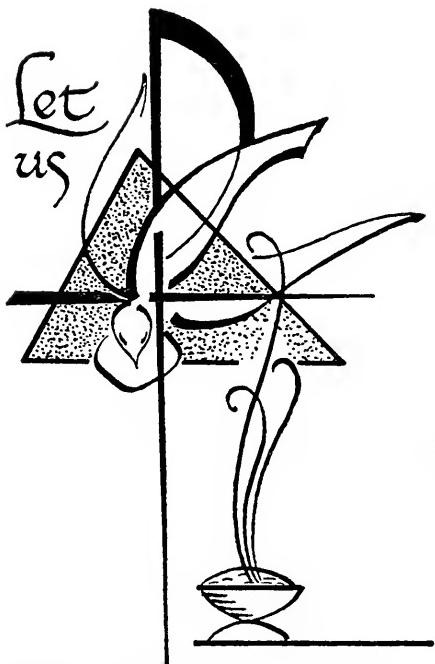
BEHOLD YOUR KING
Carl Merschel

Discovery

• Samuel Hazo

Two planes collide in cloud and plummet locked
and furled like tangled comets in their flame.
Compassed and clocked flights end on summit rock
where the sleeping lynx is crushed within his cave,
high poplars toppled by the bucksaw wings
and avalanching snow sent sundering.

Who finds this catafalque beneath the stars
when jackboots crunch through ice and underbrush
and a searcher strains below the pale of flares
to lift cramped, canvased burdens from the crash,
will grip no death but his within his arms,
will grip no death but his within his arms.



quietly rely on
the assistance of
GOD
when danger
threatens us and
human help is
wanting.

Saint Rose
of Lima.



BRIBERY
Carl Merschel

Western

● Richard O'Connell

Suppose an iron desperado doomed
By lethal wits pursued by a black posse
Across a bleak sky streaking to elude
The customary noose and crush of frenzy

Picture him outlaw nailed to every tree
In town and bullet-pocked in the mock forest
Grim target for green boys to vent their glee
And glib hair-trigger heroes hot for notice

Vagrant enigma mask wind-whispered guest
Framed fugitive to fear and foe of folly
Morose and manful friendlier than most
Massive as mountain stark as lightning gully

Surrounded never roped in by no hand
Beyond the pale eyes thronged at river border
Ranging forever into a strange land
Guilty of no hurt but his separate slaughter

"The Outsider" Revisited

● Joseph C. Mihalick

AS MUCH as any individual is responsible for a popular movement, British-bred Colin Wilson is responsible for the social anomaly known generally as the "beat generation." The first of the "angry young men," 27-year-old Wilson is chief prophet for an assortment of free-thinkers and idealists united in rebellion against the intellectual naiveté of modern society. Wilson's portrayal of the visionary's responsibility in our "mechanical civilization" is developed in his two published works, *The Outsider* (Houghton Mifflin Co., 1956) and *Religion and the Rebel* (1957). A best-seller when it appeared but since fallen into literary oblivion, *The Outsider* combines the lives and works of selected historical figures into a Messianic symbol for the chosen few who refuse to accept, unquestioned, their personal existence. These are the Outsiders, men who "see too deep and too much" and thus create for themselves subtle problems never conceived by their less gifted fellows. The Outsider's problems are problems of being and existence—the search for personal identity, the question of purpose in human reality, the fear of missing the point of existence in the humdrum struggle to conform.

The foregoing remarks suggest the context in which the Outsider's problems are met and (as much as they can be) solved. The Outsider is an Existentialist—but even here he insists that his position is unique, that he is no more a follower of Kierkegaard or Sartre than he is a social or religious conformist. The Outsider is motivated by an intense lust for life, a "tremendous will to discovery." The Outsider needs guidance in this effort, and this is the burden of Wilson's second book *Religion and the Rebel*. This work prepares for the birth of a new religion, a religion of possession and involvement that will be to modern times what Christianity was in the early days of the Christian era. The "religion" Wilson suggests is a broadly based Existentialism that permits a fuller life through the heightening of individual consciousness. After all, as Wilson points out, the aim of Jesus Christ "was the aim of every prophet and artist—to make men *more alive, more conscious . . .*" For Wilson, religion has little or nothing to do with revelation; it is more a kind of social discipline, a "spiritual cement" that permits an increased awareness of one's own being. The high priests of this new religion are the Outsiders, and this will revitalize society because the Outsiders are "the head" of the body politic. The pettiness of contemporary society is the result of the rejection and complete frustration of the Outsider, with a subsequent loss of society's sense of aim and purpose. The problem of purpose is the Outsider's main problem, and its solution is the salvation of society.

The primary mission for the Outsider is complete self-realization, complete self-expression. His greatest horror is the line Wilson quotes from

T. S. Eliot's *The Rock*: "Where is the Life we have lost in living?" This demand for expression is Wilson's legacy to the "beat generation," the exponents of which consider themselves (validly or not) Outsiders. The so-called "beatnik's" most pressing need is the same thirst for fulfillment. The underlying difficulty — both for the true Outsider and the beatnik — is that total self-expression is as much a matter of feeling and emotion as language and thought. Extreme exploitation of the human personality occurs in unique channels often opposed to "orthodox" behavior and standard idioms of communication. This explains the eccentric dress and demeanor of the "beats," and their license with words and concepts. They are obsessed with the need for self-expression but lack a sufficiently plastic medium to make it possible. In constructing his mythical Outsider, Wilson uses (among others) the lives of three men — Outsiders all — who found some sense of purpose in different forms of self-expression. The first is Jean-Paul Sartre, whose semi-autobiographical novel *Nausea* depicts the tortuous attempts of a journalist named Roquentin to discover the meaning of existence. Roquentin concludes that his reason for being would be served in writing a novel, a "rhythmical and purposive" creation in the manner of the mood song "Some of These Days" that has such a cathartic effect in Roquentin's experiences. The second of these figures is Vincent Van Gogh, whose pathetic existence finally took on a modicum of meaning through his painting. The third is Vaslav Nijinsky, the great Russian dancer who found release in the physical medium of a dance routine. T. E. Lawrence is a less fortunate figure, an Outsider who failed (despite his *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*) to express himself to the extent he felt necessary in his case. His solution was to commit "mind-suicide" by joining the R.A.F. — "thereby involving himself with 'the ignorant, the deceived, the superficial.'"

Wilson's fundamental premise is that modern society contains an insidious "bifurcation of nature" (he acknowledges Whitehead's earlier use of the phrase) represented in the separation of the intellectual truth from art and experience. The Outsider is appaled at this division, which splits the individual as well as society. He is concerned with the reintegration of his own personality to insure the unity of human experience and the stability of society. Human experience is a blend of thought and feeling, and cannot validly be limited to one or the other. Wilson cites Hermann Hesse's work *Steppenwolf* as a dramatic example of the Outsider as a divided man — part civilized and part savage (corresponding to intellect and emotion). The salvation of the Outsider (as a divided man) is that the power of his intellect and the power of his feeling are in themselves stronger in the Outsider than in other men, a fact which guarantees the superiority of the Outsider as a human being once he succeeds in unifying his personality. In Wilson's opinion, the patrons of systematic philosophy perpetuate the division by stressing the primacy of the intellect to the detriment of man's other powers. Abstract philosophy — a philosophy that is not "lived" and so cannot be authentic — represents the "abdication of the will" in that we evade really significant choices. Since Wilson holds for Nietzsche's complete autonomy of Will, apparently he sees no inconsistency in granting to the will the primacy he denies to the intellect.

Such a position is to be expected, since a philosophy of action harbors a morbid fear of the ideal as a stifling factor in human experience. According to Wilson, part of T. E. Lawrence's failure as an Outsider was his inability to close the gap between thought and feeling. Lawrence was too much a "thinker" to grasp life in its intimacy, as emotion and action as well as thought. In the same way, Van Gogh was such a creature of emotion that it was only with extreme difficulty that he was able in the last few years of his life to find himself in his art. The unity of human experience was lacking in both cases.

The Outsider in contemporary society is faced with the choice of going "forward or backward." To go forward is to preserve and foster the gift of insight that sets him above the masses, to reunify his personality by seeking some balance between the purposelessness of his social environment and his vision of enlightened actionalism. Despite his frustration in the triviality of the modern scene, the authentic Outsider is not a nihilistic pessimist in the manner of Sartre. Complete self-expression and personal reintegration is a matter of conscious exploitation of every experience rather than fatalistic introversion. The Outsider does not like what he sees of the world about him, but he is not permitted to seek refuge in his own subjective ideal. Both the Outsider and his fellows are in the "prison of society," but the difference between the two is that the Outsider *knows it* and is not content with his lot. The Outsiders of history whom Wilson considers to have been more or less successful in solving their problems comprise a varied and cosmopolitan group. They are primarily philosophers and writers, poets and artists, mystics and religious leaders. Among others, the list includes Nietzsche and Kierkegaard, Sartre and Camus, Dostoevsky, George Fox and William Blake, Ramakrishna, George Gurdjieff, T. E. Hulme, Rilke, Rimbaud, Hermann Hesse, William and Henry James (Sr.), Jacob Boehme, John Henry Newman, Pascal, Bernard Shaw, Ernest Hemingway, and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Mentioned less frequently are such figures as St. Augustine, St. John of the Cross, Kafka, Joyce, and H. G. Wells. The nature of the Outsider's role makes failure, or "going backward," a particularly tragic affair. Perhaps the most dramatic examples of failure are Van Gogh and Nijinsky, both victims of complete mental collapse brought on by the fierce inner struggle to make their visions conform to the prison of their reality. T. E. Lawrence is another marked failure, but he fared somewhat better in his recourse to "mind-suicide."

The Outsider theory is intriguing and original, but philosophically untenable and artificially contrived. Contrary to the testimony of experience, the Outsider (through Wilson) holds that man "is not a constant and unchanging being: he is one person one day and another person the next." The Outsider pretends to devote his life to a search for final purpose, yet studiously avoids the one area that guarantees the teleological structure of reality —namely, the existence of a personal and provident God. One of the most pathetic sequences in *The Outsider* is Wilson's account of the personal deterioration of Nijinsky. The factors in the dancer's mental collapse are apparent, but Wilson prefers to sublimate them in supporting his central thesis. The first strong indication of Nijinsky's illness was marked evidence of religious fanaticism. He became "intoxicated with

God," and constantly used the name of God in his writing and conversation. Nijinsky was raised a Roman Catholic but compromised this early training by becoming a partner in a long-time association with a sensualist impresario in order to guarantee his professional career. The strain of such a perverse relationship weighed heavily upon Nijinsky, contradicting as it did his sense of religious principle and healthy devotion to God. It is conceivable that psychological overcompensation for a guilt complex occasioned his fanaticism and ultimate breakdown. With Nijinsky, there was a "bifurcation" of personality — but not the type Wilson has in mind. The division represented in Nijinsky was not so much a conflict of intellect and emotion as it was a separation of Nijinsky from himself. The break resulted from the rape of his conscience and the betrayal of his ego.

As an Existentialist, the Outsider would consider it "bad faith" to accept God: this would be a pseudo-solution to his problems in that valid solutions must be "seen and touched" rather than accepted on faith. Wilson's fundamental anthropomorphism is reflected in his remark that Jesus Christ's attitude to the world "is very like Nietzsche's — harshly critical, and based on a feeling that most men are only half-men, and that they ought to spend all their time becoming whole men." For the Outsider, the world is a world without values — or at least without values corresponding to his higher sense of purpose and demand for direction. The Outsider considers irrelevant the "heaven-after-death" theory; his salvation lies in pushing "ever deeper into human life." The issue is further complicated by the fact that the Outsider's position in the world is that of a man in "spiritual hell" — the situation of a man of special abilities and talent condemned to an existence that frustrates and bores him. Wilson uses a graphic illustration of the Outsider's position in the world. He compares the Outsider to a man who is lowered into a cage full of apes, there to live in a kind of semi-stupor induced by the realization that he is superior to his companions yet forced by circumstances to live in their brutish society. Wilson derives a considerable part of his notion of human frailty from the literary exploits of the American writer Hemingway, with whom he seems quite taken as an example of existentialist introspection. In both *The Outsider* and *Religion and the Rebel*, Wilson refers frequently to Hemingway's analysis of human sensitivity in *Farewell to Arms* and *The Natural History of the Dead*. The latter is a lesser known work in which Hemingway refutes (in Wilson's opinion) the notion that man is perfectible with the observation that "most men die like animals, not men."

A basic fallacy of the Outsider theory is that it strives for final purpose in human existence without consideration of the concomitant responsibility that gives such purpose its fundamental validity. The Outsider would contend that he is responsible to himself and his personal destiny, but the Outsider is such a *montage* of values that an egological whole is precluded. The Outsider has a responsibility to society, but as a leader and not a member. The Outsider needs an anchor, but it is not to be found in the present orientation of society. The failure of the Outsider (and Wilson) may be simply a matter of duration — he is constantly seeking "a moment of truth" rather than an eternity of meaning. The whole notion of the Outsider as Wilson portrays him is peculiarly limited as to historical eras

and ideological convictions. If the problem of the Outsider is not a sociological or psychological problem, nor strictly speaking a religious or philosophical problem (all of which Wilson suggests), then it cannot validly be limited to any particular social group or period. The Outsider is a transcendent notion in that he ought to exist in every society and every era. Thus it is somewhat artificial to limit his existence to an historical period bounded by Nietzsche and Hemingway, and an ideological climate that largely excludes those who declare their faith in a personal and provident God. The Outsider's problems arise from a disorientation of his faculties that precludes a unified evaluation of himself and reality. Both the disorientation and the faculties are common to human existence in the centuries of its history. It is the contribution of the Outsider to recognize the situation, but this should be a phenomenon of every age and social environment.

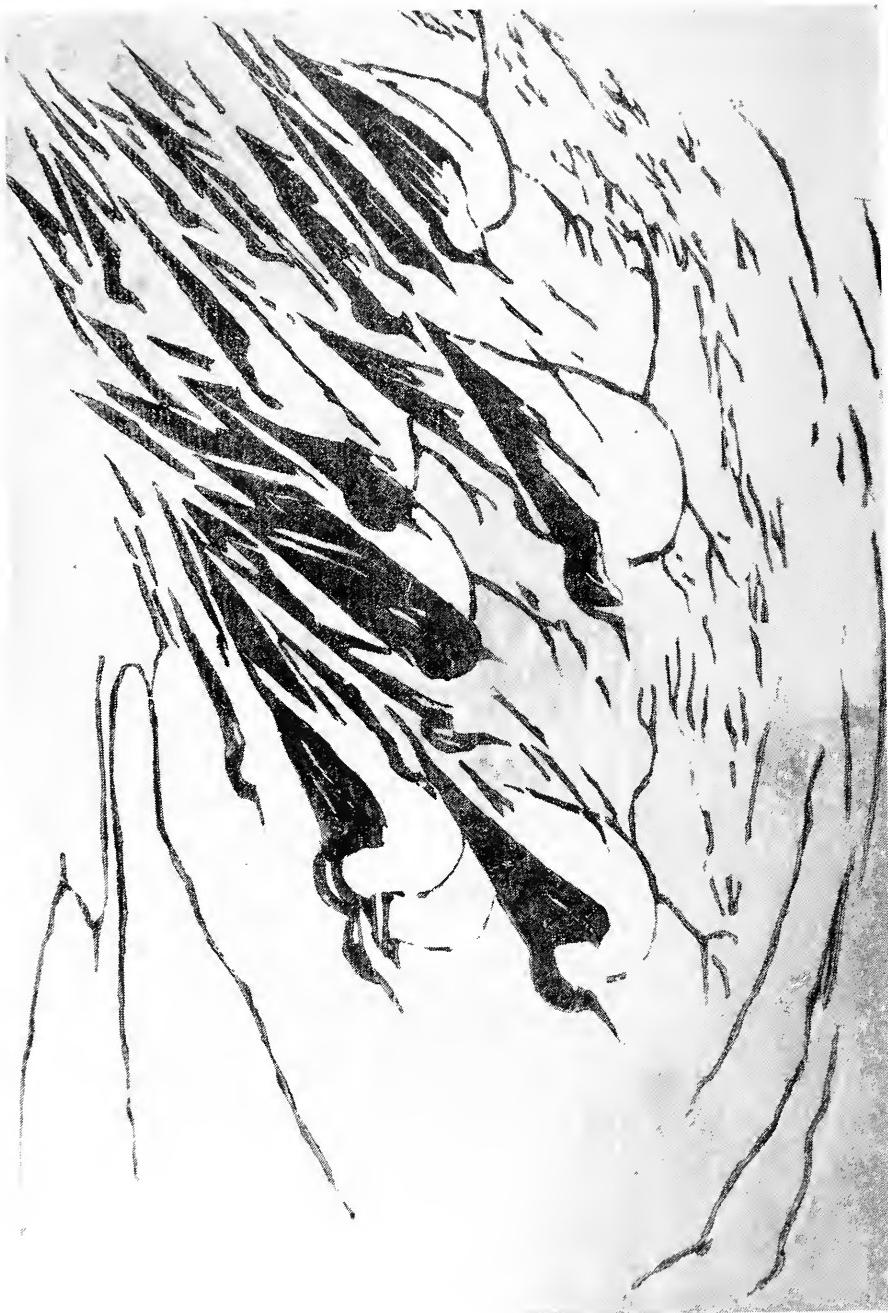
Wilson's Outsider emerged into a receptive atmosphere, and its premises are guaranteed as long as the "beat generation" endures. The theory is aided by a general trend — especially on the European continent — toward philosophical and literary existentialism. At best, Wilson's books comprise the bible of a new generation. At worst, he is a charlatan whose prodigious range of reading interests is matched only by his failure to make much sense out of most of it. Three months after publication of *The Outsider*, Wilson himself said he wrote it with "completely false intent" and that it was a "fraud" that he "hoped looked erudite." In view of the use he makes of the Outsider symbol in *Religion and the Rebel*, the sincerity of this statement must be seriously doubted. Wilson's quest for meaning and purpose would be better served if his obsession with human existence did not blind him to the existence of God.



EMILIO AMERO, Professor of Art at the University of Oklahoma, has set up what is perhaps the most complete printing shop of its kind for the teaching of etching, lithography, and wood engraving. Currently he is working on a series of color lithographs. He centers his work in the graphic arts and mural painting. He is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Library of Congress, the Cincinnati Art Museum, and in many private collections. ➤



MOTHER AND CHILD by Emilio Amero. Lithograph. Artist's Collection.



RUN, RUN by Edythe Ferris. Woodcut. Artist's Collection.

I Walk in My Innocence

● Hortense Cupo

LIKE the proverbial bird, he'll arrive early, she mused, squinting at the driveway curving sinuously from the gate up to the administration building. The fluted surface of the doric column felt cool through her thin blouse as she waited near the graduation platform, the crescent tips of her fair hair rising, winged, in the warm breeze. Then she stiffened abruptly as she caught sight of the familiar face of the blue sedan and followed its flexing path to the parking area.

The morning sun was behind her and it splashed with dappled splendor against the windshield, obscuring his features, and it was not until he had eased the car between the slanting chalk lines and slammed the door behind him that she could see him clearly. She and Janet had waited here on the first day of the term, glibly curious, watching for him to appear, and she thought how often, as in a play, scenes in life are repeated. They'd heard that a new English professor was arriving on campus and were anxious to see how he compared with old Dr. Presby, who had retired that summer.

With gleeful astonishment they watched him leave the car and, with

mature, virile grace, saunter up the marble steps, through the ornate collegiate arch, his short hair springing up vigorously from his uncovered head like healthy grass. Animatedly, they had discussed him, punctuating their conversation with extravagant appraisals of his assets. Moistening her lips meditatively with the pink tip of her tongue, she had said to Janet, "Isn't he a perfectly gorgeous creature?" And Janet, staring with fixed, unabashed eyes, had replied, "I hear he's a widower with a twelve-year-old son. Someone said his wife died last year and he's come east to live with his mother."

Almost imperceptibly, she had nodded, pursing her full lips and stretching them back to reveal the even edges of her teeth in a speculative smile. "That's very interesting."

Like a quizzical cat, Janet had studied her, seeming to search for some cryptic meaning in her words. "He must be over forty, Blanche." Ineffectively, her voice trailed to a whisper.

But she had merely tossed back the fair streamers of her hair and smoothed the wool of her skirt over her hips. "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety."



EDYTHE FERRIS, artist and teacher, deserted the American Water Color Society to make wood-cuts. In 1956 the La Salle College Library exhibited sixteen of her wood-cuts. She has exhibited her work at The Philadelphia Art Alliance, The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, The National Academy of Design, The Philadelphia Print Club, The National Arts Society, and elsewhere.

And then she laughed with abandonment, the piercing sound like the unnerving squeak of chalk against a blackboard. "Don't look so worried, Janet. I don't intend to seduce him."

It had started out in this way—a light, casual thought taking firm root in the shifting sands of her mind, and then suddenly it had taken hold and spread violently. She had become almost obsessed with the challenge of making him aware of her, of breaking through the deep, academic absorption which swam about him like some medieval moat.

Was it conceivable that so much had happened to her since that day? He was coming toward her now, squinting astigmatically in her direction, his light-weight tans flapping airily around his ankles like twisted sails. When he reached her, she noticed the small lines eddying out from the corners of his eyes, rippling in rays to his temples, and she thought how old he looked.

"You're early this morning, Blanche," he said, a buoyant grin belying the lines, and she remembered he had used almost these same words when she had come into his classroom that morning at the beginning.

Deliberately, she had planned it that way, arriving fifteen minutes before the others. She had stood in the doorway a moment watching him write on the board, the rapid, irregular lines of his handwriting tracing a slightly downward path on the surface. "Study the Rise of the English Renaissance—Pages 33 to 63." With her index knuckle, she tapped on the open door, a long and short staccato pattern, and he swung around like a dancer and faced her inquiringly.

"You're a little early this morning,

Miss Leeds."

"I had to see you for a few minutes before class." Her own reflection in the door glass was pensively imploring like that of a child about to ask for a favor. Wordlessly, he motioned her to one of the seats, his eyes probing her, and she noticed for the first time, with sensuous pleasure, that they were smoky blue like the sky in winter.

She dropped her Survey of English Lit book of the top of the desk with a faint thud and slid into the seat, resting her bare, tanned elbows delicately on the freshly varnished edge. Without prelude, she leaned forward pleadingly, allowing her fine hair to cascade over and over, for an instant, her cheekbones.

"I'm in sort of a fix," she said, catching the rim of her lower lip with her small, even teeth, "and I was wondering if you could help me?"

He had perched on the edge of the desk next to hers, his arms folded, one slim brown shoe swinging easily back and forth above the polished floor. "Well, I don't know, Miss Leeds. Suppose you state your problem." His manner was detached, almost calmly judicial.

"I've just got to get home to Connecticut tonight. It's my father's birthday and we're giving him a party." The words gushed out impulsively, and she wondered if they sounded giddy and inconsequential to his ears.

His interrogative "Oh?" hung in the air, and his foot slowed down and stopped. She noticed, with irrelevant disdain, that the tip of it was scraped badly as if he had kicked at something. "But how can I help?" Impatiently, he got up and turned his back, contemplating solemnly the symmetrical orchid

disks of the cosmos blossoms near the open window.

"Something's wrong with my car, and I've got to get someone to drive me home."

He ran his hand helplessly through his short hair and finally faced her like an irresolute schoolboy. "Isn't there someone going to Connecticut who might give you a lift? Isn't there a train?"

"There's no afternoon train and no one on campus who can take me — no one." Entreatingly, she leaned toward him, her lips slightly parted, the dark frills of her lashes glistening with the suggestion of tears. "Would you take me home, please? You're the only one I can turn to."

"But that's out of the question," he laughed brusquely, nervously. "Friday is my meeting night and . . ." In a characteristic classroom gesture, he rubbed his hand across the back of his neck, crinkling his face in a thoughtful grimace. And then he strode over to his desk, picked up an onyx paper weight, slammed it definitively on top of a pile of blue exam books, and sighed, "I — I suppose I could make some arrangements."

He had driven her to Connecticut that afternoon after class, and as they drove through the autumn splendor of the countryside, she knew that her first and most important battle had been won. As they talked and laughed, half of her mind planned the next move.

But now as they stood together in the May softness, the sun stamping a warm circular crown on her bare head, she wondered churlishly where the feeling of triumph had vanished. For like an inflated balloon, it had expanded, then collapsed into disillusionment. She had a sudden premonition that all

of life was like this. Perhaps the moment you reached a point of desire, it was no longer important.

"Let's walk down to the gardens," she murmured. "I'd like to talk to you." Yanking at the soft gabardine of his jacket, she coaxed him back across the east campus, through the sun-diffused viridian of lawn.

"You sound very solemn," he teased, shortening his strides to keep in measured pace beside her. "I like you better when you're blithe and sparkling." She was aware he was trying to be the college boy again, twisting his customary serious conversation into jaunty channels, and she didn't answer him.

When they reached the slope of the east campus, she dropped gracefully to the ground near a tree, settling her wide skirt in an irregular, spherical pattern. "Sit down for a minute, Paul. We can talk here."

Awkwardly, he sank next to her on the grass, stretching his right leg out stiffly, propping it against a large stone marker, and she recalled he had injured it in the war when he was forced to parachute from a plane over Germany. It had seemed fantastically exciting when she first heard the story, but now it merely reminded her that he was more than a generation older than she, with his real youth immortalized in memory. She thought how much nearer he was to the ultimate silence of death, and she shuddered distastefully.

She had found out about his leg on that first day when he had driven her home. When they stopped in front of the gray stone mansion, set like an ancient castle in the midst of wide, verdant lawns, she saw that he moved his right leg away from the accelerator rigidly. Ruefully, he grinned at her. "It happened during the war — one of the casualties of

battle."

Inside, the party had already started, and people were drifting airily from one mirrored room to another, moving like members of a *Traviata* chorus, balancing canapés and crystal glasses in their hands. Amusedly, she introduced him to her father and a group of his friends and watched him drawn deftly into the sophisticated conversation. After two Daiquiris, he began to talk effusively of his war experiences, dramatically relating the story of his injury, illustrating the incident with sweeping gestures. How naive he is she thought with a burst of knowledge.

It was late when he left, and she walked out with him to the driveway, her slim transparent heels rocking over the uneven gravel; impulsively she slipped her hand into his, exploring the lines of his palm with her fingers. "Thanks for everything," she whispered huskily, and when he had moved in behind the wheel, she leaned toward the open window, placed her hands weightlessly on his temples, feeling the tiny, steady beat, and kissed him fleetingly on the mouth. "You were a perfect darling to do this for me."

He had not spoken at first, his expression wavering between shock and pleasure, and then he nodded his head to her with mock solemnity, his mouth a thin, slanting mark in the darkness. "It was a pleasure, Blanche."

Life was singularly strange. With careful design, she had set out to bait him, but now it was she who was caught in the fine, inexorable teeth of the trap. After the trip to Connecticut, he had become like an adolescent with his first vernal love, and she had been ecstatic over her conquest, in the

beginning. But the bubble of her rapture had been punctured somewhat by the fact that he had insisted on guarding her reputation by taking her to places little frequented by the college crowd. In a moment of bitter invective, she had spat out to Janet that he was probably thinking more of his own loss of dignity than of her name.

His dignity had not waned, she thought, as she watched him leaning back against the tree, the sun filtering through the leaves and highlighting the gray hair fuzzing up his temples and blending into the brownness. She pulled a cigarette from her purse, put it between her lips, waiting expectantly while he reached for his lighter and flicked it into a narrow, golden leaf. He held it to the white tip and absentmindedly blew it out as if it were a match.

"Have you told your parents yet?" he asked her suddenly.

She knew he was referring to their marriage, and irritatedly she blew a long billow of smoke from her mouth and studied it narrowly as it pleated up into the air and died somewhere over their heads. Why did he have to bring this up before she had a chance to talk to him? The absence of chronological order in life disturbed her sense of logic. "I'd like to talk about that now, Paul."

His eyes were unblinkingly candid, and she hesitated, wishing petulantly that he might suddenly understand and make it easy for her. His artlessness was like an armor which he seemed never to remove, and she thought of the night he had asked her to marry him in the cheap, off-beat tavern just outside of town. They had just come from his home, where she had had a particularly

tiresome afternoon with his mother and young son.

The instant she had been introduced to his mother, she sensed the animosity — in the quick, wary handshake and the strained, colorless smile that was not really a smile at all. It piqued her vanity to think that this white-haired, maternal woman refused to accept her. It had been even worse with his son. The boy had come in from school haltingly, sullenly, a thin, dark-haired replica of his father, clutching his hands behind his back, stubbornly, as if he were terrified she might ensnare them. He had not spoken at all for the hour she spent there, merely sitting next to his grandmother on the faded couch, revolving a soft ball in his hands, continuously, as if it were a small world, his grave, smoky eyes never leaving her face. Through the tiny pinpricks of exasperation that needled her, she wanted to shriek out, to tell them how much she despised them.

Later on, in one of the drab restaurant booths, he had reached over, touched a strand of her hair, brushing it reverently around his index finger, studying her profile. "I know I'm a lot older than you, Blanche, but I think we might make a go of it."

She sat without moving, focusing her eyes on the whitecap of foam on her drink shimmering in the dim light. She was stunned for a moment. Was it conceivable that he had missed the atmosphere of pregnant enmity in his home that afternoon, or had he, uncaringly, propelled it to the back of his mind? And then she smiled, savoring the triumph of this moment like a child holding on his tongue in ecstatic immobility a spoonful of ice cream before swallowing it. She leaned

over then, brushing her lips lightly across his chin, feeling the small indentation at the side. "I thought you'd never ask, darling."

She felt curiously empty remembering that day, and she thought nostalgically of the heady feeling of anticipation preceding it, a feeling that she knew now was bigger than life, greater than reality. Even at this moment, as she strained for the right words, he was filling the void with trivial talk of graduation and their wedding plans. "Bermuda might be nice this time of year. What do you think, Blanche?"

"I don't know, Paul. We don't have to decide right away." Why couldn't she put an end to it now? It was horrible to feel this inability to speak — as if she were a mute.

Cheerfully, his voice droned on. "Of course we could go back to the scene of my early days. Did you ever read Robinson Jeffers? He wrote a poem once called 'Ascent to the Sierras' — Hill over hill, snow ridge beyond mountain gather, the blue air of their height about them. Makes me a little homesick to think of it."

"I've never read him," she answered. She hated it when he rambled on about literature, as if he were lecturing in the classroom. She found in him an increasing and annoying tendency to talk in this manner, or was this merely a gradational unfolding of himself as their relationship developed? She wasn't sure how long this sense of disenchantment grew within her, but she remembered the night it flowered abruptly like an ugly vine.

It was the night of the senior dance. She had gone with a friend of her family, a Harvard graduate with too much money and little ambition who had somewhat bored

her in the past. She hadn't expected to enjoy the evening but had had a surprisingly marvelous time, feeling gloriously bewitched, sharply aware of the moment.

After the evening was over, they had gone with two other couples to a diner for breakfast, flinging open the door and laughing helplessly at some inane pun which suddenly took on uproarious dimensions. It was then that she saw him at a back table, bent over a cup of steaming coffee, reading a paper-backed copy of Santayana's *Dialogues in Limbo*, a middle-aged pedestrian stranger, the harsh lights making the lines around his mouth leap into awful prominence as if a crayon had marked him.

She was overcome with embarrassment as she sat at a table with the others, praying vehemently that he would not see her. But in a few minutes, he was moving toward her up to the cash register, Santayana under one arm, reaching into his pocket for change. As she bent over her head to examine the sticky formica table top where someone had spilled syrup, she heard his voice and knew, hopelessly, that he had seen her.

"How was the dance, kids? Did you have a good time?" He was the genial professor trying to establish rapport with his students, giving proof that he understood their world. And then he glanced directly at her, trying to catch her eye, to reach her across the strands which bound them, but she evaded him, staring over his head at the gaudy ribbon flower perched on the black hair of the waitress. One of her companions answered him. "It was a tremendous dance, Prof, just tremendous."

And then he was gone, with a slight flick of his hand, a chilly

draft of morning air invading the doorway as he left, and she found the magic of the evening was gone. For the first time, the total absurdity of their relationship struck her, and she knew, with an abrupt lucidity, that she couldn't go through with it. She imagined herself sitting next to him in endless diners, accompanied eternally with that terrible, grave, staring child, listening to lengthy dissertations on Santayana. Passionately, she prayed that he might suddenly develop some disability so that she might point out to him, with sound practicality, the unwise ness of marriage.

But he had stubbornly maintained his health, she thought, looking at his lean body stretched back against the tree, and she took a long, final drag at her cigarette before she squashed it malevolently into the greenness. "I can't marry you after graduation, Paul." She had planned to use just the proper blend of distress and pity, but her words sounded heartlessly dispassionate, like a line from a bad play.

At first, she thought he hadn't heard her, for he merely shifted his leg clumsily as if it ached him, arching his back with a little grunt. Then he said, "It's your father, isn't it? He wants us to wait."

"He doesn't want us to go through with it. He thinks I'm too young to jump into marriage." She hadn't meant this transfusion of blame to her father, but he had unwittingly given her the cue, and now it couldn't be undone.

"What he really means is that I'm too old for you, is that it?" An unfamiliar edge of ire sharpened his tone, and there were tiny, quavering beads of sweat over his lips. When she didn't reply, bitterness crept in, bordering anger. "And, naturally,

you're going to obey him like a dutiful daughter. Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"It isn't that. But he's my father and I can't hurt him — I just can't." She was struggling frantically to find words to strengthen her case.

"Damn it all, Blanche — you're not exactly a child — you don't need his blessings." She was startled, not believing him capable of such anger.

"The truth is, Paul, he'd be upset enough to cut me off without a farthing. And we can't manage without some help." Her voice faltered and trailed off like the sob of a child, and she found herself completely absorbed now in the plotting, thinking of herself dramatically in terms of a woefully unfortunate girl torn between her father and her lover.

"We can manage as well as any other couple without millionaire in-laws." And then his tone softened, and he was pleading with the incorruptible candor of his eyes, trying to win her over. "We don't need his money, Blanche. I've enough saved and there'll be an increment next semester."

Distractedly, she averted his eyes. "It just won't work, Paul. I'm sorry, but I can't hurt my own father like that." She felt drained, unable to summon any further defense, like a lawyer whose case is closed.

Then he shook his head haggardly, an odd, unbecoming pallor tinging his face. "I'm not one of your college boys, Blanche. You can't expect to play around with my emotions and have them blocked off suddenly. You said you loved me and I believed you!" He spoke haltingly, as if he were analyzing the simplicity of this fact, weighing it on the scales of his mind.

"But I do love you. Please believe that. Please, please believe that." Like an actress who had forgotten her lines, she found herself rambling, repeating phrases.

He reached roughly for her hand, clutching it brutally until the pain shot to her upper arm making her flinch. "Don't do this to me, Blanche. I was just beginning to think that life had some meaning again after —" he hesitated awkwardly — "after her death. I don't think I can take it." His skin seemed stretched tautly over the bone structure of his face, his eyes crinkling grotesquely, and he reminded her of a blind beggar she had once seen outside a cathedral in Mexico, chanting and reaching out wretchedly for alms. A curious mixture of pity and revulsion filled her, and she longed to get up and flee from the radius of his misery. It was the first time she had witnessed the stark signs of pain she had inflicted, and she felt, for an instant, an awful sense of power whose immensity shocked her. And then she felt a sense of depression, as if she had been infected with his grief, and it had spread wildly, virulently, through her body.

Frenziedly, she turned away from him and looked down the hill where, from one of the factories, a gossamer vapor of white smoke curled upward, a grateful genie vanishing into the concave blueness behind the railroad depot. "Please, Blanche." He was pleading with her again, and the sound was like surf against her ears. She closed her eyes and crushed her fists against her lids to remove the sight of his face, crying out with anguish, "It's not fair. It's not fair to make me suffer like this!"

Requiem for a Brother

(Mount Angel Abbey)

● **Frances De Vlieger Anderson**

Fidelis dead? The white-bearded,
Great-hearted gone from the land
At the touch of his angel's hand . . . ?

I shall remember him:
Out among the fields with the finch and the robin
To sweeten his labors in the pink and the white
Of the orchard's array,
Where the darting sheen
Of violet-green
Swallows dappled and shadowed the meadows of May!

I shall remember him:
Talking to God, alone, in a quiet hour;
And the stillness lapping at pilgrim and Brother,
Lapping at marble and Time;
Until each was drowning, one with the other,
And glad of the dying where the waves of stillness, climb.

I shall remember him many an hour
At rest, close to the dogwood's virginal grace;
Gathered at last to those who loved, as he loved,
The Mountain's far-seeing face.

The Corridors of Cacophony?

● **Elise Pinkerton Stewart**

When Deity
shall hold this shell
of a sphere
to His Ever-Listening Ear,
will there be
the shrieking knell
of hollow convoluted swell,
or the tender shhhh-ing shout
of salaaming knee
on its convex dell?
What Destiny?

Contributors

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